

To Regret Not Sleeping

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Summary: Dojima comes home late to find a video tape of his nephew he never wanted to know about. -WARNING FOR: EXPLICIT CONTENT, IMPLIED INCEST, UNDERAGE-

To Regret Not Sleeping

It was late, nearly a quarter past 2, when Dojima stumbled groggily through his front door, tripping over the door frame and cursing under his breath as he tried to close the door as quietly as possible.

He turned the lock in the door, leaning heavily against the frame to keep from falling over as his eyes threatened to close, knowing they would refuse to open again till he had rested for an (in his opinion, though perhaps not to his body's) excessive amount of time. The sound of the lock engaging was loud and jarring in the stillness of the night air and Dojima felt a shock run through his senses as adrenalin flooded his system in a brief spark of alertness that faded much too quickly but left enough excess to keep his eyes from itching as fiercely as before.

He pushed himself off the frame and took the two steps required for his feet to hit the raised floor and propped one arm against the wall to toe his shoes off. Dojima pushed off the wall with a quiet groan and stepped up the platform, running one of his hands down his face wearily and sighing.

He wanted to sleep.

His exhausted body and overworked brain screamed at him to rest, but he knew it was going to be impossible with the paperwork that needed to be finish that night. He had tomorrow off, but he promised Nanako and Souji that they all would take a family trip to Junes.

Dojima paused.

A family, huh? The word sounded strange in his mind, but oddly comforting as well.

Dojima rubbed at the stubble on his chin roughly as he wandered into the living room, falling heavily into the sofa when his shins bumped painfully against it.

The sofa felt more wonderful than it ever had before. Inviting and soft against his fatigued physique; perfect for a nice long rest.

Dojima had to shake himself roughly to push away his tiredness as he sat up and pulled the papers out of his carrycase.

He didn't have that much left, but enough that he worried whether he'd pass out before he finished.

He gave a quick glance over the case before sighing deeply and picking up the remote to turning on the T.V. for background noise to help keep him awake, not even looking to see what channel it was turned to.

He was only 5 minutes into his work when the noise from the television stopped him short.

It was a sound that immediately made the hair on the back of his neck stand on end and his breath to catch sharply in his throat.

A sound that could only mean one thing.

Porn.

Dojima looked up from the papers in his lap in disbelief at the television. His eyes immediately focusing on a pair of ass cheeks on the screen belonging to a man whose pants were around his ankles. The woman at his feet was nearly completely obscured by the man, the camera at an angle that hid her face, but Dojima could see she had short, light hair and long, thin fingers that rested on the man's hips. The room they were in was dark, the camera going in and out of focus at every movement that threw shadows further across the walls.

Dojima felt anger rush up from his stomach and across his face.

Someone had put pornography on his T.V. and hadn't even bothered to change the channel when they left.

What if it had been Nanako that had turned it on before him?

What if she had seen it?

Souji was in trouble that was for sure.

A lot of trouble.

Dojima wondered if he should storm up to the teenager's room now. Throttle him for putting Nanako's innocence in danger. Ask where he got off watching porn in the living room instead of in the privacy of his own room where Nanako was less likely to be exposed to it.

But then Dojima remembered that his television didn't have a pornographic channel.

It had very few channels: the news, a couple gameshow channels, the regular children's channels. All safe for kids. He had made sure to take precautions with the T.V. considering he left Nanako on her own most of the time.

He glanced at the VCR and DVD combo under the T.V., faintly remembering that the television in Souji's room only had a DVD player.

The knowledge didn't make it any better, but it did distract him enough to rethink storming the 16 year old's room.

He sighed again, exhaustion overriding his anger and he calmed in the awareness that Nanako more than likely never saw it, as Souji probably put it on after she went to bed.

He pushed the papers off his lap in preparation to stand and get the VHS tape from the player so that Nanako didn't accidentally turn it on in the morning, planning to confront the teen while Nanako wandered around in Junes.

But he never rose off the couch as he directed his attention back towards the screen.

Because the girl kneeling in front of the man had been pulled off his cock, her face in full view of the camera as she stared up at him, her mouth open and red with precum and saliva dripping down her chin.

And Dojima could see that the _girl_ was actually a _boy_. A very _familiar_ boy. A boy who was currently asleep in Dojima's very house. Whose normally tidy and neat silver hair was roughed up from hands grabbing hold of it. Whose usually blank, dispassionate eyes were blown wide and teary. Whose typically clean and prim uniform was missing, showing pale skin glistening with sweat and tinted red across his chest and face.

Souji was in the pornography.

Dojima was frozen as he watched his teenage nephew's face get smeared with pre as the man in front of him dragged his dick from the corner of Souji's mouth across his face.

A man who was most definitely much older than his underage nephew.

Oh, by God, his _underage nephew_. There was _child pornography_ of his _nephew_ in his house. _

_ In existence._

Dojima was going to be sick.

He fell weakly back against the couch. Unmoving. Unable to force his body to get back up. To turn off the porn. To destroy it completely.

No.

He couldn't destroy it.

There was illegal child pornography in his house. He was a detective, for fucks sake, and it was in his house. He had to turn it in the police. The age of consent was 18 for all intents and purposes, ignoring the Penal Code in favor of the Children Welfare Act and-

It was his fucking nephew!

Dojima felt bile rise in his throat.

"Ha! You're cute, Souji."

Dojima's attention was drawn back to the screen at the words.

Souji had let go of the man's hips and was gripping the dick in front of his face, one of the man's hands tilting his face up and the other running a thumb under his eye, smearing the pre further.

Souji leaned forward, tongue sticking out to catch a bead of pre that was threatening to fall. His lips wrapped over the slit, cheeks hollowing in a clear sign of sucking in. The man above him moaned, his hips jerking forward once before stilling as he moved Souji's face far enough away that his mouth disengaged from the head of his cock.

"You're getting better."

Dojima swallowed the bile down at what those words implicated.

That wasn't the first time they had down this.

"Come on. Standi." The man grabbed Souji by the arms, hefting him up and to his feet. The camera raised with them and Dojima distantly realized that there had to be a third person to act as cameraman, but he was too busy watching as the man on the screen pulled his pants back up and lead his nephew towards the wall.

The man turned back to the camera, his face coming in full view of the camera, or it _would_ have if there wasn't a blur obscuring his features. Dojima felt a spike of rage at the knowledge that the VHS was edited for consumption.

How many people owned a copy of this? How many people masturbated to his nephew?

Dojima saw red for a second before the screen called his attention again.

Dojima felt light headed.

Souji had his hands against the wall. His hips stuck out and legs spread to help him balance.

The camera was directed at his ass, showing off his stretched and lubed hole.

The man was the one kneeling now; his hands groping the teenage boy's cheeks, squeezing them harshly and pulling them apart rhythmically so his asshole blinked in and out of view.

"Look at you, Souji." The man spread the cheeks in his hands apart, releasing one hand so he could poke a finger at the winking hole. The finger slid in easily and the man added a second finger quickly, letting out a groan that made Dojima grip his legs to control the disgust racing through him. _"You're really wet down hear. Like a woman."_

He punctuated his words with a quick thrust of his fingers that pushed Souji forward and made a loud sloshing noise.

"You prepared yourself pretty thoroughly." The man removed his fingers, wiping the excess liquid on the teen's thigh and standing back up. _"Are you that excited to be fucked, Souji? What would your uncle think?"_

Dojima started. His mind blanking as his overworked brain tried to process what he just heard and make sense of it. He had heard wrong, right?

Dojima was startled further by the clear sound of a young moan.

Souji's moan.

"Ha, does that excite you, Souji?" The man pushed his pants back down far enough to free his cock. _"Does the thought of your uncle watching you have sex make you wet."_

The man's words were met with a stuttering gasp and Souji spreading his legs wider, his hands curling against the wall.

The man laughed, grabbing Souji's hip with one hand and guiding the head of his dick to the teen's asshole with the other.

"That's really sick, Souji." The man pressed inside, the ring of muscle gripping him tightly, making him pause briefly when his cock's head popped past them, before pushing in further.

Souji made a desperate noise in the back of his throat when the man didn't stop until he bottomed out. Deep faltering breathes and gasps escaping him when the man rocked his hips a couple of times when he was still adjusting to the stretch.

Dojima's mind was still reeling, yet somehow almost entirely blank at the same time.

Souji cried out sharply when the man suddenly pulled out and thrust back in quick session, his hips snapping loudly against the teen's ass in a rhythm that was too fast for someone who was still adjusting. Souji's arms faltered and failed him, the man catching him around the middle and laughing derisively as he pushed Souji forward until his chest and the side of his face pressed against the wall.

The man started thrusting harshly into the teen, one arm holding the

boy up while his other hand gripped Souji's hip tightly.

The room filled with the soft, distorted moans and groans of the pair. The man's deep and gruff, groaning lowly as he fucked into the teenager wrapped around his dick. Souji's breathless and whining moans sounding soft and wet as he was shoved roughly against the wall.

Dojima was about finished with watching it. He couldn't continue any further, didn't even know why he lasted as long as he did. He felt nauseous listening to his nephew's near pained moans and he stood yet again to eject the tape.

He made it up to the T.V. this time, all the way across the room, even kneeling in front of the VCR, hand outstretched to push the button before that man started back up talking and Dojima found himself once again masochistically frozen in place, unwilling to listen but even more so unable to _not _listen.

"Are you imaging him watching you, Souji?" The man's voice was throatier now, his breathing taking more effort as he pumped his hips and kept Souji standing. He was leaning over Souji's back, lips to his ear and Dojima saw his tongue peak out to swipe across the shell. _"Are you thinking about how he would react to seeing-_

_"__**Perfect**__._** Fucking**__._** Souji**__._ __**Being**__._** Fucked**__?"_ Each word he punctuated with a harder thrust, Souji sliding up the wall as the man lifted him up by his waist to use gravity to push Souji further down his length, forcing the teen to stand on the balls of his feet.

Souji was whimpering by then, one hand scratching at the wall feebly while the other gripped the man's forearm around his waist tightly. A thin line of saliva connected his chin to the wall, his eyes unfocused and pupils blown.

"Do you want him to fuck you, Souji?" The words were quieter than the others, spoken directly into the teen's ear, muffled greatly by rasping breaths and shuddering gasps. _"Do you think about him doing this to you?"_

Dojima felt an odd sense of horrorstruck anticipation like a rope around his neck at the silence that followed. It was a heavy silence, interrupted by harsh breathing, but stifling all the same as both the man and Dojima waited for Souji to answer.

"Stopâ€¦!" _

With a start, Dojima realized that the word was the first he had heard from Souji throughout the video. He sounded faint, drained of more things than just bodily energy.

The man replied with a laugh, his pace slowing as he pulled his cock out nearly completely before sliding back in inch by inch.

"You have to be honest with me, Souji."

Souji sobbed outright. Squirming uncomfortably with the arm around his waist that kept him on his toes so his hips could press against

the taller man's.

"Tell me, Souji, what do you want?"

Souji replied in a voice too low to be picked up on camera. He had turned the other direction so that Dojima could no longer see his face.

The man grabbed Souji's face, twisting it towards the camera.

_"Come again, Souji?" _

"Please fuck me," Souji paused for a second longer before taking a shuddering breath. _"â€|uncle."_

Dojima felt his breath stop, the air seemed to gain mass in his throat, pushing against the walls of his esophagus painfully. He could feel his heart beating wildly against his ribs.

_It couldn't be true. _

The man replied with a sardonic laugh, thrusting hard into the teen and pulling a choked gasp from him. He pulled out, flipping the teen around and hoisted him up, letting the teen wrap his legs around his waist before he lined his dick back up and started thrusting roughly back in again.

The man firmly attached his mouth to Souji's throat, sucking the junction from neck and shoulder harshly before biting down.

Dojima watched as Souji jolted, eyes flying open and mouth gaping as he let out a hoarse cry, and he was strangely reminded of Souji preference for high collared shirts and he couldn't help wondering if this was why.

"Keep going, Souji." The man continued licking up Souji's neck, taking his earlobe gently between his teeth and pulling slightly. _"Tell me exactly what you want."_

Souji keened deep in his throat again, his face, already red, deepened in color and his face twisted in a grimace of pleasure and embarrassment. His arms were wrapped tightly around the older man's neck, pulling him closer as he cried in humiliation.

"Please, uncle, please fuck me, please please please-"

Dojima swallowed as Souji repeated his mantra, his tongue feeling thick and dry in his mouth.

Everything was just _wrong._

The man's thrusts started faltering, the rhythm he had kept, breaking as he reached his orgasm.

With another skin-breaking bite to Souji's shoulder, the man came.

Souji did not.

The man rode out his orgasm, hips stuttering against Souji's thighs

and butt and the teen whined desperately when he stopped.

The man stood for a second longer, catching his breath before Souji's insistent squirming, muscles fluttering against his spent dick, made him still the teen.

"No!" Souji whimpered deeply as he was lifted off the man's cock.
"Please!"

"Shut up." The man snapped back when Souji refused to release his neck. _"Let go for a second."_

Souji dropped back to the ground, his legs unsteady and shaking, his dick bobbing painfully as he shakily stood, hands gripping the man's arms.

"Come here." The man, grasped Souji's hands and stepped backwards so Souji could follow him unsteadily. _"That's it, good boy. Sit."_

Dojima flinched as Souji gave a wobbling smile at the camera despite being treated like a dog, remembering suddenly that he was watching his underage nephew, for all intents and purposes, be raped under current laws.

The man sat down behind Souji, grabbing his legs and hooking the teen's knees over his own so that he was spread wide for the camera.

"Go ahead, Souji, touch yourself." The man grabbed one of Souji's hands and gripped the teen's cock with it, stroking it once before letting go and letting the teen do it himself.

Souji seemed to momentarily hesitate, glancing at the camera warily before moving his hand slowly but tightly over his dick.

His movements were careful and deliberate; rubbing from base to head before twisting lightly when he reached the fattened end. His hand slicked with his own pre glided easily over his heated flesh.

After a minute, the man seemed to grow bored and pulled the teen tighter against his body, hands running over Souji's torso, squeezing when he reached his chest.

Souji replied with a deep sigh, head falling back onto the man's shoulder as he arched upwards.

The man pressed his lips against the side of Souji's neck, sucking the skin and lathering it with his tongue until he pulled a moan from Souji's throat.

"Please!" Souji breathed out when the man pinched one of his nipples roughly, causing his hips to jerk.

"Want me to finger you again?" The man didn't wait for a reply as he reached between the teen's legs, tracing the outline of his puckered, wet hole, before grabbing one of the teen's thighs and pulling it to his chest so he could reach better.

He pressed three fingers inside, his palm cupping Souji's balls and

the teen's wrist knocking against his on every downward stroke. He pumped them harshly, the sound of his cum sloshing against his fingers was loud, competing easily with Souji's moans that picked up as the man started to finger fuck him.

"Do you picture him while masturbating, Souji?" The man questioned curiously, his voice breaking through the dizzying haze the obscene noises Souji was making caused. The teen was panting against his throat, hand working quicker over his dick as the older man thoughtlessly added another finger. _"Is it his hands or dick that you're imaging?"_

Souji let out a loud moan in response, hips lurching.

"Well, Souji?" The man thrust his fingers sharply, knuckles bumping the ring of muscles.

Souji hummed deeply, the end tapering off sharply at a particularly hard push of fingers against his walls. He nodded quickly, head bobbing with his bottom lip sucked into his mouth as he got closer to orgasm.

"D...his dickâ€¦!" The words were strained and quiet and Dojima found himself leaning subconsciously forward so he could hear the words. _"I'm thinking about his dick shoved down my throat." _

The man's responding laugh was vulgar.

_"You're such a disgusting slut, Souji." _

Souji whimpered at the words, his teeth biting his lip painfully hard and head seeming to nod unconsciously in agreement.

"Come on, Souji. Come on," The man started to goad the teen further, his thrusting fingers pushing deeper more rapidly as the Souji's own hand picked up spread_. "Come on, Souji, hurry up-_

_"Come for you uncle." _

Souji's hip jerked forcefully up at the words, ropes of cum shooting out of his dick as he thrust shallowly into his fist as the man behind him grinded his fingers into him. He gritted his teeth to keep from sounding out his orgasm, but his mouth fell open when the man wrapped his own hand around the teen's to help milk his cock, and a loud moan was ripped from his throat.

When his hips slowed to twitching feebly, Souji pushed the man's hands away from his dick and ass, letting the older man run his hands across his soiled chest, spreading his cum over his torso as he laid limply against him.

The camera jolted suddenly and moved forward, another hand coming into view as the frame lowered to focus on the teen's lower half. The cameraman spreading one of Souji's cheeks to get a clearer view of his fluttering hole, letting go to stick two fingers in and scissoring them, eliciting an uncomfortable moan from the teen. A stream of cum dripped out and the man moaned.

The hand disappeared and the clear clinking sound of a belt buckle

being undone rang out.

Doujima sat transfixed " his expression a mixture of horror, disgust, and discomfort as the video went on.

A sound, one not from the T.V., pulled him from his stupor.

He didn't even turn to see what had caused the noise " his hand shooting out to eject the tape as soon as he heard it in panic.

As soon as the VHS spat out of the VCR, Dojima found his heartbeat again. It thrummed against his ribs harshly and he could hardly take in a breath without it catching in his throat.

He finally turned around to the source of the noise.

As he feared, Souji stood on the last step of the stairs, frozen. His expression was loosely shocked, like he was in a dream, unable to comprehend the scene he had stumbled on, and in turn unable to be properly stunned.

Dojima could relate.

"Go back to your room." He whispered hoarsely, hating how thick and deep his voice sounded.

Souji dazedly took a step back up the stairs. His eyes focusing on Dojima like he was an anchor to reel his thoughts back in before they flickered to the VHS and the teen seemed to swell with horror, turning and stumbling up the stairs quickly, tripping in his haste.

Dojima sat dumbstruck on the floor, feeling weightless yet heavy at the same time.

His mind couldn't seem to process what had occurred. The thoughts stuttering out every time he tried to think about it.

After 5 minutes of staring blankly into space, Dojima stood up, snatching the tape up and turning off the T.V. as he staggered back to the couch.

He sat down stiffly, looking impassively at his paperwork before sitting back and taking up the papers.

Dojima wondered faintly why he hadn't just turned the damned tape off.

End
file.